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# GOING SOME

## A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY  
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG  
Illustrated by  
Edgar Bert Smith

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### CHAPTER VI.

THIS doesn't look much like  
our storehouse, does it?"  
Jean paused in her task,  
and, seating herself upon  
the summit of a step-ladder,  
scrutinized with satisfaction  
the transformation wrought  
by a myriad of college flags,  
sofa cushions, colored  
shawls, and bunting.

Roberta Keap dropped her hammer  
with an exclamation of pain.

"Ouch!" she cried, "I've hurt my  
thumb. I can't hit where I look when  
people are talking."

"Why don't you pin them up?"  
queried Miss Blake sweetly. "A ham-  
mer is so dangerous."

Mrs. Keap mumbled something, but  
her enunciation was indistinct, owing  
to the fact that her thumb was in her  
mouth. Helen finished tying a bow  
of ribbon upon the leg of a stool,  
patted it into proper form, then said:

"It looks cheerful."

"And restful," added Jean.

"Oh dear!" Jean descended from her  
precarious position and admitted, "I'm  
tired out."

All that morning the three had la-  
bored, busily transforming the store-  
room into training-quarters for Speed,  
who had declared that such things  
were not only customary but neces-  
sary. To be sure, it adjoined the bunk-  
room, where the cowboys slept, and  
there were no gymnastic appliances to  
give it character, but it was the only  
space available, and what it lacked in  
horizontal bars, dumb-bells, and In-  
dian clubs it more than compensated  
for by a cosy-corner, a window-seat,

and many cushions. Speed had ex-  
pressed his delight with the idea, and  
agreed to wait for a glimpse of it.

Of all the denizens of the Flying  
Heart but two failed to enter fully in-  
to the spirit of the thing. Berkeley  
Fresno looked on with a cynicism  
which he was too wise to display be-  
fore Miss Blake. Seeing the lady of  
his dreams monopolized by a rival,  
however, inspired him to sundry activi-  
ties, and he spent much of his time  
among the cowboys, whom he found  
profitable to the point of mystery.

Mrs. Keap, the youthful chaperon,  
seemed likewise mastered by some  
private trouble, and puzzled her com-  
panions vaguely. Helen reported that  
she did not sleep, and once Jean found  
her crying softly. She seemed, more-  
over, to be apprehensive, in a tremu-  
lous, reasonless way; but when with  
friendly sympathy they brought the  
subject up, she dismissed it. In spite  
of secret tears, she had lent willing  
hands to the decoration of the gym-  
nasium, and now nursed her swollen  
thumb with surprising good nature.

"Shall we let them in?" she in-  
quired. "We have done all we can."

"Yes; we have finished."

In a flutter of anticipation Jean and  
Helen put the final touches to their  
task, while Mrs. Keap stepped to the  
door and called Speed.

He came at once, followed by Larry  
Glass, who, upon grasping the scheme  
of decoration, smote his brow and bal-  
anced dizzily upon his heels. Speed  
was lost in admiration.

"It's wonderful!" ejaculated the  
young athlete. "Those college flags  
give it just the right touch. And see  
the cosy-corner!"

Glass regained his voice sufficiently  
to murmur, sarcastically, "Say, ain't  
this a swell-looking drum?"

Berkeley Fresno, drawn by the ir-  
resistible magnetism of Miss Blake's  
presence, wandered in and ran his  
eyes over the room.

"Why all the colors?" asked he.

"You can sing best where there is a  
piano. I can train best under the  
shadow of college emblems. I am a  
temperamental athlete."

"You'll be a dead athlete if you  
don't beat this cook." The Californian  
was angry.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his rival, air-  
ily.

"That's what I remarked. Did they

tell you what happened to Humpy Joe,  
your predecessor?"

"It must have been an accident,  
judging from his name." At which  
Miss Blake tittered. She was growing  
to enjoy these passages at arms; they  
thrilled her vaguely.

"The only accident connected with  
the affair was that Still Bill and Wil-  
lie didn't have their guns."

Glass started nervously. "Did these  
rummies want to shoot him?" he in-  
quired.

"Certainly," said Fresno. "He lost a  
foot-race."

In spite of his assurance, J. Walling-  
ford Speed felt a tremor of anxiety,  
but he laughed it off, saying:

"One would think a foot-race in this  
country was a pearl necklace."

"These cowboys ain't good losers,  
eh?" queried Glass.

"It's win or die out here."

During the ensuing pause Mrs. Keap  
took occasion to call Speed aside.

"I have something to contribute to  
the training-quarters if you will help me  
bring it out," said she.

The young man bowed. "Most glad-  
ly."

"We'll be back in a little while,"  
the chaperon announced to the oth-  
ers, and a moment later, when she and  
Speed had reached the veranda of the  
house, she paused.

"I—I want to speak to you," she  
began, hesitatingly. "It was just an  
excuse."

Wally looked at her with concern,  
for it was plain that she was deeply  
troubled.

"What is it?"

"I have been trying to get a word  
alone with you ever since I heard  
about this foot-race." The young man  
chilled with apprehension as Mrs.  
Keap turned her dark eyes upon him  
searchingly. "Why do you want to  
run?"

"To win back the cowboys' treas-  
ure. My heart is touched," he de-  
clared, boldly. Mrs. Keap smiled.

"I believe the latter, but are you  
sure you can win?"

"Abso-blooming-lutely."

"I didn't know you were a sprint-  
er."

Speed shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you had experience?"

"Oceans of it!"

Mrs. Keap mused for a moment.

"Tell me," said she, finally, "at what  
inter-collegiate game did you run  
last?"

"I didn't run last; I ran first." It  
was impossible to resent the boy's  
smile.

"Then at what game did you last  
run? I hope I'm not too curious?"

"Oh no, not at all!" Speed stam-  
mered.

"Or, if it is easier, at what college  
games did you first run?" Mrs. Keap  
was laughing openly now.

"Why the clear, ringing, rippling  
laughter?" asked the young man, to  
cover his confusion.

"Because I think it is very funny."

"Oh, you do!" Speed took refuge  
behind an attitude of unbending dignity,  
but the young widow would have none  
of it.

"I know all about you," said she.  
"You are a very wonderful person, of  
course; you are a delightful fellow at  
a house-party, and a most suitable in-  
dividual generally, but you are not an  
athlete, in spite of those beautiful  
clothes in your trunk."

"Who told you?"

"Culver Covington."

"I didn't know you two were ac-  
quainted."

Mrs. Keap flushed. "He told me all  
about you long ago. You wear all the  
athletic clothes, you know all the talk,  
you have tried to make the team a  
dozen times, but you are not even a  
substitute. You are merely the Var-  
sity cheer-leader. Culver calls you  
"the head-yeller."

"Columbus has discovered our con-  
tinental!" said Speed. "You are a very  
wise chaperon, and you must have a  
corking memory for names, but even  
a head-yeller is better than a glee-club  
quarter-back." He nodded toward the  
bunk-house, whence they had come.

"You haven't told anybody?"

"Not yet."

"Yet," he quoted. "The futurity  
implied in that word disturbs me.  
Suppose you and I keep it for a little  
secret? Secrets are very delightful  
at house-parties."

"Don't you consider your action de-  
ceitful?"

"Not at all. My motto is 'We strive  
to please.'"

"Think of Helen."

"That's it; I can't think of any-  
thing else! She's mad about athletics,  
and I had to do something to stand off  
this weight-lifting tenor."

"Is it any wonder a woman distrusts  
every man she meets?" mused the  
chaperon. "Helen might forgive you,  
I couldn't."

"Oh, it's not that bad. I know what  
I'm doing."

"You will cause these cowboys to

lose a lot more money."

"Not at all. When Culver arrives—"

"Oh, that is what I want to talk  
over with you," Mrs. Keap broke in,  
nervously.

"Then it isn't about the foot-race?  
You are not angry?" Speed brightened  
amazingly.

"I'm not exactly angry; I'm sur-  
prised and grieved. Of course, I can't  
forgive deceit—I dare say I am more  
particular than most people."

"But you won't tell?" Mrs. Keap in-  
dicated in some subtle manner that  
she was not above making terms,  
whereupon her companion declared,  
warmly: "I'm yours for life! Ask  
me for my watch, my right eye, any-  
thing! I'll give it to you!"

"I assure you I shan't ask anything  
so important as that, but I shall ask  
a favor."

"Name it and it is yours!" Speed  
wring the hand she offered.

"And perhaps I can do more than  
keep silent—although I don't see what  
good it will do. Perhaps I can help  
your suit."

"Gracious lady, all I ask is that you  
thrust out your foot and trip up  
Berkeley Fresno whenever he starts  
toward her. Put him out of the play,  
and I shall be the happiest man in  
the world."

"Agreed."

"Now, in what way can I serve  
you?"

Mrs. Keap became embarrassed,  
while the same shadowy trouble that  
had been observed of late settled upon  
her.

"I simply hate to ask it," she said,  
"but I suppose I must. There seems  
to be no other way out of it." Turn-  
ing to him suddenly, she said, in a  
low, intense voice: "I—I'm in trou-  
ble, Mr. Speed, such dreadful trou-  
ble!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" he answered  
her, with genuine solicitude. "You  
needn't have made any conditions. I  
would have done anything I could for  
you."

"That's very kind, for I don't like  
our air of conspiracy, but"—Mrs. Keap  
was wringing her slender hands—"I  
just can't tell the girls. You—you can  
help me."

Speed allowed her time to grow  
calm, when she continued:

"I—I am engaged to be married."

"Felicitations!"

"Not at all," said the young widow,  
wretchedly. "That is the awful part  
of it. I am engaged to two men!" She  
turned her brown eyes full upon him;  
they were strained and tragic.

Speed felt himself impelled to laugh  
immoderately, but instead he ob-  
served, in a tone to relieve her anx-  
iety:

"Nothing unusual in that; it has  
been done before. Even I have been  
prodigal with my affections. What can  
I do to relieve the congestion?"

"Please don't make light of it. It  
means so much to me. I—I'm in love  
with Jack Chapin."

"With Jack!"

"Yes. When I came here I thought  
I cared for somebody else. Why, I  
wanted to come here just because I  
knew that—that somebody else had  
been invited too, and we could be to-  
gether."

"And he couldn't come—"

"Wait! And then, when I got here,  
I met Jack Chapin. That was less than  
a week ago, and yet in that short time  
I have learned that he is the only man  
I can ever love—the one man in  
all the world."

"And you can't accept because you  
have a previous engagement. I see!  
Jove! It's quite dramatic. But I don't

see why you are so excited? If the  
other chap isn't coming—"

"But he is! That is what makes it  
so dreadful! If those two men should  
meet"—Mrs. Keap buried her face in  
her hands and shuddered—"there  
would be a tragedy, they are both so  
frightfully jealous." She began to  
tremble, and Speed laid a comforting  
hand upon her shoulder.

"I think you must be exciting your-  
self unduly," said he. "Jean's other  
friends didn't come. There's nobody  
due now but Culver Cov—"

"That's who it is!" Roberta raised  
her pallid face as the young man fell  
back.

"Culver! Great Scott! Why, he's  
engaged—"

"What!"

"Nothing! I—I—" Speed paused,  
at an utter loss for words.

"You see, he'll discover the truth."

"Does he know you are here?"

"No. I intended to surprise him. I  
was jealous. I couldn't bear to think  
of his being here with other girls—  
men are so deceitful! That's why I  
consented to act as chaperon to Helen.  
And now to think that I should have  
met my fate in Jack Chapin!"

"I see. You want me to break the  
news to Culver."

"No! no!" Mrs. Keap was aghast.  
"If he even suspected the truth he'd

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